

There hartes ware so roted in the popes lawes  
They begane the latte yere when they slew bodge  
All England reioysche at ther ouer throwe  
For only the Lorde is our kynge victorie  
They had false prophetes which brought thiges to passe  
Cleane contrary to ther owne expectacion  
Ther hope was for helpe in ther popische masse  
They wolde nedes haue hanged by a reseruacion  
The vicare of ponwistoke with his congeraciō  
Commanided them to sticke to ther Idolatry  
They had muche prouisiō and great prepetacion  
Yet God hath gyven our kynge the victorie  
They did robe and spoule al the kynge's frendes  
They called them heretikes with spight a distayne  
They toffed a space lyke tirantes and findes  
They put some in prelson & some to greete payne  
And some fled a waie or else they had bene slayne  
As was Wyllam bylling that marter tellp  
Whiche they kille at sandford mowe in the playne  
Where yet god hath given our kynge the victorie  
They came to plūm with the kynge's trusty cōmyn